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EDWARD WALWIN.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

[Written by a Young Gentleman of Philadelphia.]

(CONCLUDED.)

ONE day, a short time before their return to Mr. Bolton's, Edward's father entered the room where he was, followed by a stranger:—"Son, (said he) I have the pleasure of introducing you to your cousin." Edward turned,—it was Randall! They both trembled—Randall with fear and conscious guilt—Edward with rage and indignation; till flying towards him, he would have sacrificed him to his fury, had not his father, holding him, given the wretch time to escape into the street:—"Stop, rash youth, (said his father) nor lift thy hand against thy kinsman." "Kinsman! (exclaimed Edward) and am I related to the infamous Randall?" "His mother was my sister,—but what causes your hatred of him?" "Oh, my father, how could I forbear my indignation, it was he insulted Mary Bolton,—it was he formed and executed the diabolical plan of my imprisonment,—and it was he who broke into her father's house at midnight." "Alas! (replied the elder Mr. Walwin,) why did you not inform me of his name; this interview had then been avoided. I will visit him at his lodgings; but we will leave his punishment to the horrors of a guilty conscience, and the avenging hand of the Almighty, which will certainly overtake him. The next day Mr. Walwin called at Randall's lodgings, but he had left town the evening before.

Edward having nothing now to detain him in New-York, and his father having received his property, which was principally in ready money, they left the city on their return to Mr. Bolton's. By the way, they stopped the first night at the faithful Richard's. The next morning they pursued their journey; but night approached ere they reached Mr. Bolton's house. The road lay through a wood, on entering which, they were attacked and fired upon by six men on horseback, though without damage. Having fortunately provided themselves with arms in New-York, they returned the fire. One of the villains' horses taking fright, ran off, and our travellers firing at the same time, disconcerted the others so much that they followed with precipitation.

Our travellers again rode on; Edward expressed his firm belief that this rencounter was a new contrivance of Randall's. They had not proceeded far, when William perceived a man lying in the road. They stopped and dismounted, but it was so dark they could not distinguish his features, or know the state he was in. Edward requested his father and William to stay with the man, while he rode forward to Mr. Bolton's, which was about a mile distant, to obtain assistance. To this they agreed, and Edward proceeded with as much expedition as the darkness of the night would permit; tho' not without dread of being again attacked by some of the gang. But, as it afterwards appeared, their chief had fallen, and they had fled in different directions. Edward soon returned with some of Mr. Bolton's servants, who carried the wounded man to the house.

Can the reader be surprised to find in the person of the wounded stranger the infamous Randall? No—he cannot. Capable of the basest attrocity—a villain of no common cast—he hoped by this last effort to be finally revenged on the innocent Edward, who had so repeatedly balked him in his wicked machinations.—He shuddered not at the idea of murdering his kinsman—No; his heart was callous; neither dreaded he futurity.—After the disagreeable meeting he had with Edward, he left the city immediately, and learning that his father and him were shortly to return to Mr. Bolton's, he fixed his plan; in pursuance of which he hired the ruffians that accompanied him when he made the attack at the entrance of the wood, where they had been in waiting most part of the day.—But the period of retribution was come—Heaven's vengeance, tho' slow, is sure—Randall's horse at the first fire took fright, and the ruffians he had bribed, quickly perceiving their leader fall, had no interest to induce them to continue the fight, and instantly fled.

Randall's condition was truly deplorable; in his fall, his head meeting a stone, had fractured his skull in a shocking manner. A surgeon was sent for, who the moment he saw the wound, pronounced it mortal. Randall's senses returned,—but his horrors were indescribable, when he was told that he must die; (for Mr. Walwin thought it cruel to deceive him.) His terrified imagination, aided by a guilty conscience, stirred up thousands of fancied fiends to torment him; nor did one of the family enter the room, without recalling, with aggravated circumstances of terror, the various injuries he had inflicted on each of them.—He did not dare to pray;—he had been an infidel;—but now he *believed and trembled.* It would be impossible for an abler pen than mine to paint the torments he endured, or the agonies he suffered—when, (alas for humanity!) in this state of mind he sunk into eternity.

Edward had introduced his father to Mr. Bolton and Mary, and received their sincere congratulations on an event so auspicious and unexpected. In a short time he and his amiable Mary were united at the foot of the altar. Heaven has blessed their days with happiness; and given them two beautiful sons, the tender pledges of their sincere affection, who resemble their father in virtue and form. May they meet with his happiness, without experiencing his misfortunes! May they learn this important truth, *That virtue, even in this world, will* probably *be blessed, and* certainly *will in the next,—and that vice, wherever it is found, is despised and abhorred.*

EDWIN.

ANECDOTE

OF THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

THE witty Earl of Rochester being once in company with King Charles the II. his Queen, Chaplain, and some ministers of state; after they had been discoursing on public business, the king of a sudden exclaimed—"Let our thoughts be unbended from the cares of state, and give us a generous glass of *wine, that cheereth,* as the Scripture saith, *both God and man.*" The Queen hearing this, modestly said, she thought there could be no such text in Scripture, and that the idea was little less than blasphemy. The King replied, that he was not prepared to turn to chapter and verse, but he was sure he had met with it in his Scripture reading. The Chaplain was appealed to, and he was of the same opinion with the Queen. Rochester suspecting the King to be right, and being no friend to the Chaplain, slipt out of the room to enquire among the servants, if any of them were conversant with the Bible. They named David, the Scotch cook, who always carried a Bible about him; and David being called, recollected both the text, and where to find it. Rochester ordered him to be in waiting, and returned to the King. This text was still the topic of conversation and Rochester moved to call in David, who, he said, he found was well acquainted with the Scriptures. David appeared, and being asked the question, produced his Bible, and read the text, (Judges iv. 13.) The King smiled, the Queen asked pardon, and the Chaplain blushed. Rochester now asked the Doctor if he could interpret the text, since it was produced; but he was mute. The Earl therefore applied to David for the exposition. The cook immediately replied, "How much wine cheereth *man* your lordship knows; and that it cheereth God, I beg leave to say, that, under the Old Testament dispensation, there were meat-offerings and drink-offerings. The latter consisted of *wine,* which was typical of the blood of the Mediator, which, by a metaphor, was said to cheer God, as he was well pleased in the way of salvation he had appointed; whereby his justice was satisfied, his law fulfilled, his mercy reigned, his grace triumphed, all the divine perfections harmonized, the sinner was saved, and God in Christ glorified."

The King was agreeably surprised at this evangelical exposition; Rochester applauded, and after some severe reflections upon the Chaplain, very gravely moved, that his majesty would be pleased to make the chaplain his cook, and the cook his chaplain.

FEATURES OF THE INDIANS.

SOME of the Indians possess strong natural abilities, and are even capable of receiving improvement from the pursuits of learning. A striking instance we have of this in the following story from KALM's travels. "An old American savage being at an inn at New-York, met with a gentleman who gave him some liquor, and being rather lively, boasted that he could read and write English. The gentleman, willing to indulge him in displaying his knowledge, begged leave to propose a question, to which the old man consented. He was then asked who was the first circumcised? The Indian immediately replied, father Abraham: and directly asked the gentleman who was the first Quaker? He said it was very uncertain, that people differed in their sentiments exceedingly. The Indian perceiving the gentleman unable to resolve the question, put his finger into his mouth to express his surprise, and looking stedfastly, told him that Mordecai was the first Quaker, for he would not pull of his hat to Haman."

"The Cherokees (says another writer,) are very apt at giving people nick-names. A dull stalking fellow they call a turkey-buzzard; an ill-tempered man, a wasp; a talkative person, a grasshopper; a hoarse voice, they say, resembles a bull; and an interpreter whose manners and conversation are obscene, they call a smock-interpreter.

"The disposition of the Indians is naturally proud and self-sufficient: they think themselves the wisest of the sons of men, and are extremely offended when their advice is rejected. The feats of valour of their ancestors, continually repeated and impressed upon their minds, inspire them with the most exalted notions of their own prowess and bravery; and hence arises the firmest reliance on their own courage and bravery.

The Iroquois, who have the most exalted ideas of their self-consequence, are dreaded and revered for their superior understanding and valour. They will "laugh when you talk to them of obedience to kings; for they cannot reconcile the idea of submission with the dignity of man. Each individual is a sovereign in his own mind; and as he conceives he derives his freedom from the Great Spirit alone, he cannot be induced to acknowledge any other power.

"They are extremely jealous, and easily offended, and when they have been once induced to suspect, it is very difficult to remove the impression. They carry their resentments with them to the grave, and bequeath them to the rising generation.'

A WHIMSICAL DESCRIPTION

OF A FARCE, ACTED BY ALL MANKIND.

THE world is a theatre: mankind are the comedians; chance composes the piece, and fortune distributes the parts: theologists and politicians govern the machines; and philosophers are the spectators. The rich take their places in the pit and upper boxes, the powerful in the front and sides, and the galleries are for the poor. The women distribute fruit and refreshments, and the unfortunate snuff the candles. Folly composes the overture, and time draws the curtain. The title of the piece is, *Mundus vult decipi, ergo decipiatur*—"If the world will be deceived, let it be so."—The opening of the farce begins with sighs and tears: the first act abounds with the chimerical projects of men: the frantic testify their applause with re-echoed bravoes, whilst the sagacious bring their catcalls into play to damn the performance. At going in, a sort of money is paid, called *trouble,* and in exchange a ticket is given, subscribing *uneasiness,* in order to obtain a place. The variety of objects which appear, for a short time divert the spectators; but the unravelling of the plot and intrigues, well or ill-concerted, force the risible muscles of the philosophers. We see giants who presently become pigmies, and dwarfs who imperceptibly attain a monstrous height. There we see men exerting all their efforts

in the pursuit of the most eligible plans, guided by prudence, and armed with precaution, who are, nevertheless, circumvented in all their pursuits, and frustrated in all their endeavours, whilst here we observe a group of indolent, careless fellows, who obtain the highest summit of mundane felicity. Such is the face of this world, and he who would choose to divert himself with it at his leisure, should take his place in some obscure corner, where he may unobserved be a spectator of the whole performance, and in safety laugh at it as it deserves.

CREDULITY AND FORTITUDE,

Exemplified in the Story of Two Sisters.

IN Britany, a province of France, lived two young ladies, sisters, co-heiresses, of a competent fortune, equally esteemed for their perfections of body and mind, and their uncommon love for each other. An officer of a regiment quartered in the town, not more nobly born than they, but possessed of a fortune far above their pretensions, courted the elder, to the equal satisfaction of the younger, who hoped to see her sister thus splendidly provided for.

All his visits aud addresses were upon honourable terms. In short, they appeared in all public places together, and were generally looked upon as husband and wife. —The regiment, by an order from court, decamped to new quarters in the extremities of Languedoc. The officer soon after ordered his equipage to be got ready in a private manner, and departed. This news being brought to the younger sister, she was doubly startled at his not having taken leave of them, and at his clandestine elopement. She flew to her sister's apartment, whom she found feeding her sickly thoughts with the dear image of her absent lover, and thus, as recovering from a sweet reverie, she spoke; "Sister, is it not strange he has not been with me these two days to consult about our marriage, before he departed for his regiment?"—Her generous heart knew no deceit.—"Ah, sister! (replied the younger, bursting into tears) you are deceived;"—"Why these tears? (cried the other in amaze,) speak whatever thou knowest." "Then know (replied the younger) that last night your lover left the town without taking leave. The thunderstruck lady made no answer, but fainted away, and was scarce out of one fit but into another. At length recovered by her distracted sister's care, she cried, "I am ruined, I am undone. In consequence of the most solemn and sacred oaths, I yielded up my honour, and now carry the growing proof of my shame. His still putting off our marriage whenever I pressed him to it, joined to his midnight escape, show my ruin but too plainly." Here grief broke in, and interrupted her discourse. Her sympathising sister equally felt the contagious sorrow. Sighs echoed sighs, and tears obscured the charms of each beauteous face. The younger sister comforted the forlorn, as well as circumstances would permit, and prevailed on her to consent to retire to their country-seat for a few days, that nothing might transpire; observing that she had a scheme in her head to make the gentleman fulfil his engagements. It was agreed upon and executed. The afflicted lady went to the country. The other sent a trusty servant to the post-house to hire a chaise, and the best horse; at the same time bidding her waiting-maid bring her travelling dress, and immediately prepare to go with her. Her orders were punctually obeyed, and in the middle of the third day's most vigorous pursuit, she overtook him in a town where the regiment halted. Being informed where he was at dinner, and perhaps boasting of his late dishonourable exploit: she ordered to drive thither, and sent in for him. Being an officer, and a Frenchmn, he was too polite to let a lady wait, but came running out from table to the post-chaise. He no sooner perceived the sister of her he had abandoned, but instead of being struck with any concern, a thorough good opinion of himself whispered him, that love had made her undertake that tedious pursuit, and therefore accosted her with an air of secure triumph, and several compliments of gallantry, desiring her company to dinner.—She lit out of the chaise,—but as she got out under the gateway of the inn, stopt him short by the sleeve, and said, "Sir, I am come all this way, and in this haste, to know if you'll do justice to my sister, which is to return with me immediately, and marry her." To which he cavalierly replied,—"That if he had any distant thoughts of marriage, it should be for herself, and not for her sister; at the same time offering her his hand to lead her into the house. Enraged at the insulting answer, she assured him she would not go a step forward, nor let go her hold, until she had his last, his positive answer on that head.——"Why then, madam (cried he,) that you may certainly found your hopes of having me to yourself, and be no longer jealous of an insipid sister: she is the last woman in the world I should think of marrying."

At this final declaration, she with a pistol shot him through the head, as he was proceeding with his protestations. Down he dropt at her feet, a victim, sacrificed to the manes of her sister's honour. The people of the inn and neighbourhood, alarmed at the deed, flocked round her. She cheerfully surrendered herself to justice. An exact detail of the affair was sent to court, and by the returning post she received a pardon.

At her return she informed her disconsolate sister of what had passed, but received no answer from the statute of grief, save sighs, tears, and looks towards heaven; she refused all kinds of nourishment, and died in a few days through the double anguish of her lost reputation and the hasty death of her still dear destroyer. The generous sister, widowed by the afflicting loss, and rendered averse to the opposite sex, by the execrable specimen she had punished, retired to a convent from the slanderous noise, and calumniating bustle of the world.

The Monitor.

THE exercise of virtue, in many instances is attended with such pleasures, that even those who are not influenced by a sense of duty and religion, can hardly be insensible to them; though such pleasures are enjoyed in far higher degrees, by those in whom these sentiments prevail. Happy in the thought that their own inclination is then conformed to the will of their Creator, they go "on their way rejoicing" in the good effects of their endeavours; they see distress relieved, and virtue promoted; they give comfort to the afflicted, and advice to the ignorant; and enjoy the innocent pleasures of friendship and society, by making them useful to themselves and others. Their happiness is a kind of foretaste to the happiness of heaven,—a happiness which angels might partake, and in which they may indulge their inclination without restraint, free from any apprehension of that satiety and disgust which often attend the pleasures of this word, or that remorse by which they are often succeeded.

The mind of man is naturally active, and the active duties are always the most pleasing. Life, deprived of these, presents a blank, more difficult to support than even painful exertions which are attended with success and self-approbation. Every change of circumstances serve only to vary the task we are called to perform, but should make no change in the disposition of the mind.

EXTRACTS FROM
Bartolomeo's Voyage to India.

(CONTINUED.)

Description of a Seminary of Learning at Virapatnam—Procession of the Indian god APIS—*Worship paid to Cows—Description of a Temple 2000 years old.*

M. JALLABERT had given me a particular account of a seminary at *Virapatnam*, in which young Indians who embraced the Christian religion were educated. As education is an object which deserves the particular attention of the traveller, we made a little excursion thither from *Puduceri*..... The seminary of *Virapatnam* was situated in a palm-garden; or to speak more correctly, in a garden planted with cocoa-nut trees. The building was so contrived, that these oriental seminarists did not find the least impedient, either in their study, their bodily exercise, or their other labours. Between three side apartments, where the tutors lodged, was a large hall on the ground-floor, in which were constructed two rows of small chambers all adjoining. They were separated from each other by thin wooden partitions, of only three or four palms in height; so that each of the students had an apartment to himself, and all of them could be observed by their teacher. The teacher sat at a desk, where he read his lessons; and, while employed in teaching, he could with one view see every thing that was doing in the different apartments. The pupils not only studied in these apartments, but also slept in them. A table, on which lay a mattress, supplied the place of a bed; and both above and beneath it another small table was suspended, which could be lowered or raised at pleasure. If any of these young people wished to write, he had no occasion to leave his chamber, as he had nothing to do but to sit down at the foot of his bed; and when he wished to go out, he had only to remove his table and fold it up. On the other table above the bed were books, paper, pens and ink; his long seminary dress, and several small articles for preserving cleanliness. The doors of the hall, which were exactly opposite to each other, stood always open to afford a free passage to fresh air; but no one could get out unperceived by the tutor, who in his apartment was continually observing every thing that passed. The refectory was situated in another part of the building; and it was customary to read in it during meals. The shops of the taylor, shoemaker, and carpenter, together with the printing-office, and ovens for baking bread, were without, and all occupied by seminarists; for each of them was obliged to learn a trade. They all went bare-footed; and one of their employments was to water and look after the young palm-trees which were planted in the garden. Their time was so divided, that they studied daily four hours, devoted one hour to manual labour; and spent the remaining part in prayer, singing and meditation. On two days in the week they conversed in their mother tongue; but on other days they were obliged always to speak Latin. This institution was destined merely for young persons from China, Cochinchina, Tunquin, and Siam.

On the day of my return to *Puduceri*, I had an opportunity of seeing a very singular scene; as on that day the god Apis was led in procession through the city. This deity was a beautiful fat red-coloured ox, of a middle size. The Brahmans generally guard him the whole year through, in the neighbourhood of his temple; but this was exactly the period at which he is exhibited to the people, with a great many solemnities. He was preceded by a band of Indian musicians; that is to say, two drummers, a fifer, and several persons who with pieces of iron beat upon copper basons; then came a few Brahmans, and behind these was an immense multitude of people. The Pagans had all opened the doors of their houses and shops, and before each stood a small basket with rice, thin cakes, herbs, and other articles in which the proprietors of these houses used to deal. Every one beheld Apis with reverence; and those were considered fortunate of whose provisions he was pleased to taste a mouthful as he passed. Philarchus conjectured, as we are told by Plutarch in his treatise on Isis and Osiris, that Apis was originally brought from India to Egypt by the inhabitants of the latter. Plutarch himself asserts, that the Egyptians considered Apis as an emblem of the soul of Osiris; and, perhaps, he here meant to say, that under this expression they understood that plastic power by which Isiris had produced and given life to every part of the creation. I shall, in another place, endeavour to prove, that Osiris was nothing else than the sun, and consequently what among the Indians is represented by the idol *Shiva*, or *Mahadèva*. Hence it happens, that this *Shiva*, the emblem of the sun, rides on an ox; and that in the solemn invocations of the Brahmans he is called *Pashupadi*, that is, *the man of the cow*. The cow again, is nothing else than a symbol of the goddess *Ishami*, or the woman, as the Indians are accustomed to call the Isis, to whom the cow is dedicated, when they speak of her by her sacred name. On the Egyptian monuments Osiris, as the symbol of the sun, is represented with rays around his head; and his wife Isis bears horns, the symbol of the cow, and also of the new moon, between which and the sun there is the same relation as between wife and husband.....The Indians also worship the cow as a divinity. Most of the houses belonging to the Pagan Indians, not only at *Puduceri*, but upon the whole of both the coasts of *Malabar* and *Ciòlamandala*, are covered on the outside and inside with cow-dung. The Pagans are accustomed to drink cow's urine, in order to purify them from their sins. When near the point of death, they take in their hand a cow's tail; and, according to their belief, if they die in this manner, they are immediately transported to Paradise.....In Malabar, and every other place where the Pagans have the superiority, any person who kills a cow is hung on a gibbet. The ox which represents Apis, must every three years give place to another. If he dies in the course of these three years of his deification, he is committed to the earth with all that pomp and ceremony observed at the interment of persons of the first rank. Various pagodas, or Pagan temples, have on their front the figure of a cow, or perhaps two, of a colossal size.

One of these temples, in the city of *Cirangam, (Cirangapatnam)* in the island of *Ciranga*, is at least 2000 years old, and serves to shew how far advanced the ancient Indians were in the arts of architecture and sculpture. This temple is surrounded by seven walls, each of a square form, which together enclose the whole edifice. They are entirely constructed of hewn stone; are 25 feet in height, and each is 350 feet distant from the other in a parallel direction. Each wall has four gates, and over each gate is a *goburu*, or high tower, which rests on the middle of the wall, and is at an equal distance from both ends. These gates and towers, which stand exactly opposite to each other, looking towards the four cardinal points, are ornamented with columns 35 feet in length, and 5 in thickness. In the centre of this temple, that is the sanctuary, stands the image of *Vishnu*, to whom it is dedicated. On the gates, towers, and walls may be seen various figures of men and animals, which all have a symbolical meaning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALBERT:

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

I sing of knight's and ladies' gentle deeds,
Whose praises having slept in silence long—

THEIR attention was soon however directed to another object; a courier, almost breathless, covered with dust and sweat, entered the court—"Count Tancred, (cried he) some of your troops, who escaped on that dreadful night, when you were obliged to fly, have reunited—they want a leader;—hearing that you were here, I have come to inform you that Count Louis is now preparing to give battle to your loyal soldiers—without your guidance they can avail nothing—haste then—even now you must depart, for by the rising of to-morrow's sun they engage."

Count Tancred instantly dispatched an officer to order the cavalry of the army intended for his assistance, to prepare themselves to march in an hour. In the meantime he went to take leave of Salmaria;—he found him deeply immersed in thought—frequently the big tear rolled down his cheek—now a groan would escape him.—Upon perceiving Tancred, he hastily arose, and endeavoured to assume an air of indifference.—"Whence this sudden sorrow? (exclaimed Tancred) In what does Albert's story interest you?—I am about to depart—I have received intelligence that Louis prepares for an engagement with a few of my brave followers, who have reunited—I go to head them.—But let me not leave you in this sorrow, let me at least partake in it."

"Ah, my friend, you little know the interest my heart bears in the fate of this, to you unknown, but gallant youth. He is my son!" Tancred exclaimed, "Gracious Heaven! has—" "Nay, don't interrupt me, (returned Salmaria) but listen to the recital, and while your heart glows with resentment for the injuries your friend has sustained, you will bless that Providence which overlooks and rewards innocence.

"'Tis not unknown to you, that the haughty Ingeriano possessed a daughter, in whom the Graces seemed to have concentrated all their efforts to finish one perfect model. I saw the lovely Clarice at a tournament. Fired with the thoughts of receiving from her, a scarf made by her own hands, and intended as a trophy to the CONQUEROR OF THE DAY,—I engaged in the battle.

"The mild but courageous Caldo was the first who experienced the effects of my passion. To him succeeded his brother Petersi, who hoped, and, alas! deserved a better fortune.—Numbers of brave knights this arm drove to the earth. At length the herculean De Hugo, who for his valorous exploits against the Infidels, had obtained the appellation of *the Hardy*, advanced. He had, for a long time, sued the hand of fair Clarice; his similarity of disposition to that of her father's, had gained the confidence and esteem (if esteem could obtain a place in such a heart as his) of Ingeriano, and he was already looked upon as the husband of Clarice. But on her tender heart he had made no impression, save that of disgust. His motto was "UNCONQUERABLE." "*Poor youth*, (said he) I perceive what has actuated you, but you have now displayed sufficient of your bravery,—retire with the laurels you have gained, or they will all be lost beyond recovery—retire, nor presume to contend with Hugo, whose very name has terrified whole armies of Infidels." "Vain boaster, (returned I) your insulting taunts deserve not an answer; 'tis thus I reply to them"—At the same instant I struck him full in the breast. His immense body yielded to the blow; he bowed down to the very saddle, but quickly recovering himself, he threw his ponderous spear. It harmlessly whizzed by me, and spent its force in the ground. His eyes seemed to glow with fury. "This (said he, at the same time dismounting and unsheathing his sword,) this will speedily decide the contest." "I will not fatigue you, (continued Salmaria) with a recital of our combat. Suffice it to say, that after a long and arduous struggle, I smote him to the ground, and was accordingly pronounced the victor. O! my friend, how shall I describe to you the ineffable sweetness of her looks, when I kneeled before the lovely maiden to receive the reward of my victory. "Gallant stranger, (said she) you have deserved the trophy; I can only lament I have so small a tribute to pay to your noble conduct." "Charming adorable lady, the value of this will be sufficiently enhanced by the recollection of its being the work of your hands." I wished to say more, but the eyes of the assembly were turned upon us, and I hastily withdrew; but not before I had observed from her countenance, that my bold address had not displeased her.

"De Hugo languished many weeks—During this period, the happiness I enjoyed in the society of Clarice (Ingeriano having been obliged to leave his court the day following the tournament, on account of the extreme illness of his brother, who resided at a distance,) was supreme, nor will I ever experience the like again. When De Hugo first came from his room, he met me with smiles: "You wield a more powerful sword, (said he) than I ever experienced; but let not the recollection of that, (to me humiliating) day, trouble you.—Your cavalier-like conduct has gained my esteem; instead of making me your enemy, you have acquired in me a friend." With such blandishments as these did the insidious hypocrite regale my ears. I was young and inexperienced,—I judged all men by myself—little did I suspect that there existed a villain who could hold out one hand in peace, and with the other clasp a dagger!

"De Hugo had scarcely recovered from his illness, when he receives a request from Ingeriano to come to him; his brother, he said, had died, and left the government of the country to him, in prejudice of his wife. "But, (said he) Cyparisse has raised a powerful force, and if you do not bring me succour, I shall be obliged to resign my claim to the throne. *If I obtain the possession I shall give it as a dowry to Clarice; you will therefore see how much it is your interest*, if not *duty*, to afford me instant relief." Clarice also received a letter from him, informing her that it was most probable he should nor return in less than a year, and he desired that his kinsman Phyrion would act for him until his return, at which time he swore the nuptials of her and Hugo should be consummated.

"Clarice shewed me this letter, and I prevailed on her to put it out of his power to execute his design. Soon as we were married, we left the court, and never slackened our speed until we arrived at the capital of this kingdom, which had just then devolved upon me by the death of my father. Here the lovely Clarice gave this gallant boy to my arms. In gratitude to my uncle, to whom I am indebted for great additions which have been made to this realm, I called him Albert.

"When he had completed his first year, a grand and splendid joust was given in honour of it, by his uncle. Tired with the fatigue of journeying to his court, we had retired to rest at an early hour of the night. The knights who had been invited to the festival were carousing in a distant part of the castle.

"Upon hearing a pannel slide, which had until this moment escaped my observation, I sprang from the bed and demanded who was there? "That you will soon know, infamous vile thief," answered a voice which I knew to be Ingeriano's; at the same instant he sprang through the

pening, and was immediately followed by an huge, gigantic form, which I knew to be Hugo's. A multitude of armed men then entered. "Base recreants; whence this privilege to interrupt my sleep; by what authority do you thus steal upon me at a time and place, which, by all true knights are esteemed sacred?" said I, addressing myself to Ingeriano and Hugo.—They answered me not, but in their looks they

——both did threaten life.

and they soon evinced that their looks did not bely them, for Hugo made a motion to the soldiers to seize me.—"Never whilst I have life, (cried I) will I submit to be tamely dragged from all I hold dear." At the same time I snatched a sword from one of the soldiers, and aimed a furious stroke at Ingeriano. The steel pierced his corselet, and entering his heart, he fell like an aged oak, growing on the top of a lofty cliff, whose trunk had been

——uprooted by the impetuous wind.

But all my efforts could avail me little. I was surrounded—bound—and to prevent me from making a noise, I was gagged. They then hurried me out of the house by a concealed stair-case. After travelling a short distance we arrived at the castle of Ingeriano, which was contigious to that of my uncle. Here I was lodged in a subterraneous dungeon. My allowance of bread and water was brought me daily by a ferocious brute, whom, not all the promises of rewards, nor the threats of the most condign punishment, if ever I should obtain my liberty, could induce him to give me any information of my wife and child.

"Five long and tedious years I languished in this pestiferous dungeon. Often did I wish for death—yet I shuddered at the thoughts of shortening my own life, and indeed, had I the inclination, I had not the means in my power.

"Once I had been neglected for three days by my taciturn goaler; on the fourth growing outrageous with hunger, I, after many violent struggles, freed myself from my chains. In groping about I found one side of my dungeon seemed to extend farther back than the others. I determined to go to the end of it, hoping that chance might point out some way of leaving this detestable place. After going on my hands and knees for some time, I heard the distant murmuring of the water. I hastened forward, and soon arrrived at the extremity of the bath. I looked out—the sea beneath me about 20 feet, dashed against the foot of the rock over which I reclined. Upon looking up I discovered that I was at the foot of my uncle's tower. After a short deliberation, I leapt into the sea. How long I floated on the waves I know not; but when I first opened my eyes, I saw the tower no more, but I perceived myself reclining on a homely bed; the walls were hung round with nets. Immediately upon seeing me suscitate from my slumber, a hoary fisherman,

——bent by the weight of years,

approached my humble couch. He had found me, he said, cast half-dead upon the shore, and had conveyed me to his hut,—there with care,

——restor'd my fainting sense.

"But grant me your patience a little longer," (continued Salmaria) listen to the infernal arts of Hugo, by which Clarice believed I had abandoned her, and murdered our Albert! O ye just Gods! why was this monster permitted to disgrace the earth by his infernal, hellish soul?

(To be continued.)

ALEXANDER CRUDEN, M. A.

WHO died in November, 1770, at Islington, was one of those remarkable characters, that while they excite the laugh in us, draw the nerve of pity and compassionate regard on the infirmities of human nature. His Concordance to the Holy Scriptures, dedicated to the late Queen Caroline, will ever remain a monument of his attentive faculties, and his usefulness to mankind. The publication of adventures, and some other remarks, prove that he was not touched with the insane malady, as Sir William Lee, the chief Justice, supposed, when he laid his action of damages against his own sister, for false imprisonment, at 10,000l. for, after this he lived in the habits of correcting for the press; and several Greek and Roman classics, for their accuracy in publication, are indebted to him alone. In the year 1754, we find him, on application to Mr. Sheriff Chitty, nominated a candidate for the city of London, and addressing them in hand-bills, acquainting them that he was Alexander the corrector, and that his election would pave the way for his being a Joseph In 1762, he was active in behalf of a condemned criminal in Newgate, and succeeded to the satisfaction of all. However some parts of his character may appear of the whimsical kind, his main drift was entirely of the useful: we cannot help repeating here a circumstance but little known:—

He was in great esteem at one time of life, with the famous Dr. Bradbury, a zealous, dissenting clergyman. The Doctor had one evening, prepared an excellent supper for several friends; at the moment it was served on the table, Mr. Cruden made his appearance in the room, heated with walking; the doctor's favourite dish, a turkey, was smoking at one end of the table, and, before the company could be seated, Cruden advanced, put back his wig, and, with both hands plunged in the gravy; he calmly washed his head and face over the bird, to the no small mortification of the jolly doctor and his company. It was this conduct that proved so fatal to his action against his sister at Westminster-Hall: for, on Bradbury's evidence alone respecting it, Judge Lee stopped all further proceedings; on which, Mr. Cruden said, "My Lord, don't believe a word that man says; he is very well at Pinner's Hall in the pulpit, but he is not a proper evidence in this court."

A REMARKABLE ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT.

The Dean was one morning standing at his study window, and from thence observed a decent elderly woman offering a paper to one of his servants, which the fellow at first refused, with an insolent and surley aspect. The woman, however, pressed her suit with all the energy of distress, and in the end prevailed. The Dean, whose soul was the seat of compassion, saw, felt, and was determined to alleviate her misery.—He every moment expected the servant with the paper; but to his surprise and indignation, an hour elapsed, and the man did not present it. The day was cold and wet, and the wretched petitioner still retained her station, with many an eloquent and anxious look at the house. The benevolent divine lost all patience, and was going to ring the bell, when he observed the servant cross the street, and return the paper with the utmost *sang froid* and indifference. Rightly judging the case, he threw up the sash, and demanded loudly what the paper contained? "It is a petition, please your Reverence," replied the woman. "Bring it up rascal," cried the enraged Dean.—The surprised and petrified servant obeyed. With Swift, to know was to pity,—to pity to relieve.—The poor woman was instantly made happy,—and the servant almost as instantly turned out of doors, with the following written testimonial of his conduct: "The bearer lived two years in my service, in which time he was frequently drunk and negligent of his duty; which, conceiving him to be honest, I excused; but at last detecting

him in a flagrant instance of cruelty, I discharged him." Such were the consequences of this paper, that for seven years the fellow was an itenerant beggar; after which the Dean forgave him; and in consequence of another paper equally singular, he was hired by Mr. Pope, with whom he lived till death removed him.

PSALMODY.

A WORK has just made its appearance in this city, entitled, "*The Easy Instructor; or, a New Method of Teaching Sacred Harmony. By William Little and William Smith.*" This work contains a pretty large collection of Psalm Tunes and Anthems, a considerable number of which are original; but it chiefly claims attention on account of a new method laid down for facilitating the learner in acquiring the knowledge of the notes as designated by the four singing syllables, which is done by diversifying the shapes of the notes; as for example, the shape of *Fa* is a triangle, *Mi* a diamond, *Law* an oblong square, and *Sol* the usual form. It is evident that these different characters, indicating at sight the names of the notes, will greatly aid the student of Sacred Harmony. A Certificate from a committee of the Uranian Society, accompanies the work, in which they observe, that it "contains a well-digested system of principles and rules, and a judicious collection of tunes;" and that, "were it possible to acquire the sounds of the eight notes but by *imitation*, they verily believe they might be obtained by the help of this book, even without an instructor." The copy-right is secured.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. HOGAN,

Turning over some papers, I met the following curious piece of composition, which I suppose is not generally known: If you think it deserving of a place in the Repository, perhaps it may please some of your readers, among whom you may number J. C.

EPITAPH ON POMPEY,

A FAVOURITE DOG OF CHARLES XII.

Pompieus egregius canis invictissimo suecorum regi, meritò charus, in Polonia mortuus inde in Sueciam nè extra petriam tumularetur transmissus.

Hic est qui Dominum per tela secutus et ignes
Dignus Hyperborei regis amore fuit
Rex amat extinctum pætriamque remittit ad arcton,
Sic hosti has etiam sustulit exuvias.
Pompei cineres et clari nominis umbra
Debita Parhasio sunt monumenta polo
Quid modò nè præstet fidis rex gratus amicis
Si neque dilecti negleget ossa canis?

N. B. *A translation is requested.*

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ON THE DEATH OF

Mr. William Cooper,

Who departed this life on Monday the 10th inst. after a short illness of five days*, in the 20th year of his age.

GRIM Monarch! see, depriv'd of vital breath,
A Youth belov'd, lie in the dust of death:
Clos'd are his eyes, and heavy fetters keep
His senses bound in never-waking sleep;
Till Nature in her final wreck shall lie,
And her last groan shall rend the azure sky:
Not, not till then, his active soul shall claim
His body,—a divine immortal frame.

But see the softly stealing tears apace,
Pursue each other down the mourner's† face:
But cease thy tears, bid every sigh depart,
And cast the load of anguish from thine heart.
From the cold shell of his great soul arise,
And look beyond, thou native of the skies;
There fix thy view, where, fleeter than the wind, (behind.
Thy WILLIAM mounts, and leaves the earth
Thyself prepare to pass the vale of night,
To join for ever on the hills of light:
To thine embrace his joyful spirit moves,
To thee, the object of his earthly loves;
He welcomes thee to pleasures more refin'd,
And better suited to th' immortal mind.

* It was stated in last week's Repository that Mr. Cooper died in 24 hours illness,—this arose from misinformation.

† A LADY.

Description of a Party of Pleasure:

WE went out clean—we came home dirty. We went out sober—we came home drunk. We went out well—we came home sick. We went out laughing—we came home crying. We went out sound—we came home broken. We went out with cash—we came home moneyless. We went out for air—we came home full of dust.

IN a Western paper, a Printer announces to his readers the marriage of a "Mr. John *Shote* to Miss Polly *Pease*." This couple, in a laudable spirit of culinary œconomy, it seems, are for trying a mess of pork and peas. [*Far. Mus.*

PHILADELPHIA,

AUGUST 22, 1801.

Marriages.

Happy the man, who finds the bride,
Whose state is to his own allied,
The sweetest joy of life!
But, oh! the crowd of wretched souls,
Fetter'd to minds of different moulds,
And chain'd t' eternal strife!

MARRIED....In this City...On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Ustick, Mr. Amos Taylor, to Miss Hetty Fleming, daughter of Mr. Charles Fleming.....Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Helphenstine, Mr. George Noggel to the amiable Miss Elizabeth Shuller all of the Northern Liberties.

Deaths.

Man is but born a flow'r of beauteous dye,
Simple and fair, in Nature's garden plac'd;
But there, alas! his sweets neglected lie,
Tho' with his MAKER's self-stampt image grac'd:
Too soon, too soon this heav'n-born plant decays—
Vice clasps its root, and rises with the flow'r;
Its youth, its beauty, its meredian blaze,
Prove but the short-liv'd blossom of an hour!

DIED....In this City....On the 14th inst. Mr. William Wistar, of the house of Wistar, Wistar and Price, merchants....On the 19th, Mr. John Wigglesworth, Æt. 77, a long residenter and a good citizen.....Same day, Mr. John Flanaghan, Printer.

———At Louisville, (Georgia) on the 30th ult. General Gunn, late member of the Senate of the United States.

———At Boston, on the 12th inst. Miss Joanna Bussey, Æt. 23, formerly of Philadelphia.

———At Staten Island, on the 17th inst. Dr. Richard Bailey, Health Officer of the port of New York,—a victim to a malignant fever, which he caught while discharging the duties of his office.

On Tursday evening about 8 o'clock, as a child of Mr Simonet's was looking out of the first story window, imprudently leaning too far, it fell out; but happily sustained no material injury. A knowledge of this may serve as a caution to parents not to indulge their children too much in their eccentricities.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The cipher, entitled, "*Xeixstre,*" is too simple in its construction for publication: the key is so easily discovered, that a person in the least acquainted with ciphers, may see it at first view.

"*An Elegy, by Edwin,*" will appear next week.

"*The Poetical Corrector, No. 1, by Rinaldo,*" is under consideration.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

HENRY AND ELIZA;

A TALE.

AS I was sitting on the side
Of Schuylkill's gently flowing stream,
The sun the floating clouds had dy'd
Already with his setting beam.

A sweet breeze on the water play'd,
Which glided smoothly at my feet;
The fleecy flocks now homeward stray'd,
The birds unto their nests retreat.

The night in solemn shades came on,
And wrapt the world in silence deep;
The stars in silent splendor shone,
And all the world was sunk in sleep.

When, lo! a female form I saw,
Approaching with disorder'd pace;
No artist such a form could draw,
Or paint the beauties of her face.

Tall and majestic was the maid,
And beauty dwelt upon her face;
Upon her lips the graces play'd;
She mov'd with elegance and grace.

Down on her fair, and snowy neck,
And on her well-form'd shoulders too,
Her flowing auburn tresses sleek,
Hung down, and in each zephyr flew.

Upon her beauteous features reign'd
A pensive, melancholy air;
Her lovely bosom heav'd with pain—
She seem'd a victim to despair.

Surpris'd, I view'd the lovely maid,
Thus wand'ring in the lonely night,
I spoke, and ask'd her why she stray'd,
Thus far remote from human sight?

With fear she view'd me, then reply'd,
"'Tis sorrow,"—and she burst in tears;
"Nor farther ask, but go," she cry'd,
"Thy presence wakes up all my fears."

Now gentle pity touch'd my breast,—
Why dost thou fear me? then I said;
I too with sorrow am oppress'd,
And here I seek reflection's aid.

Come sit thee down upon this stone,
And tell thy melancholy tale;
Oft here I sit at night alone,
And tell my sorrows to the gale.

"Where Susquehannah rolls his tide,
"There I was born," the maiden said;
"There, free from envy, care, and pride,
"I liv'd in peace within the glade.

"My father till'd his fertile field,
"Fraught with the real goods of life,
"Content with what his fields did yield,
"He sought not more in scenes of strife.

"Thus did I live, thus pass'd my years,
"In peace and happiness away,
"No sorrows fill'd my eyes with tears,
"No anguish wore my frame away.

"But not far distant from our cot,
"There dwelt in peace, a youthful swain;
"A greater fortune was his lot;
"But still he till'd the fertile plain.

"He lov'd, and sought me for his bride,
"And said, he lov'd no fair but me;
"Nor I his tender suit deni'd,—
"For ah! I lov'd no youth but he.

"Kind nature with a lavish hand,
"His noble form with beauties drest;
"Amidst the youthful sylvan band,
"The noblest youth by all confest.

"But yet still lovelier was his mind,
"Still brighter all his virtues shone,
"Mild, just, benevolent and kind,
"To all a friend, a foe to none.

"No one could see him, and not love,
"No one could know, and not admire;
"Ah! why from me did he remove,
"Why leave the mansion of his sire.

(To be concluded in our next.)

[*The following Verses contain a complete burlesque on the style in which most of the German romantic ballads are written, and are replete with wit and humour. They appeared in the Dessert to the True American, two years and a half ago, and are re-published by particular desire.—The scene is laid in Lord* HOPPERGOLLOP*'s country mansion, where the servant maid, who has fallen in love with the gardener, is left alone during a dreary winter's night.*]

COLD blows the blast;—the night's obscure:
The mansion's crazy wainscots crack:
The sun had sunk:—and all the moor,
Like ev'ry other moor—was black.

Alone, pale, trembling, near the fire,
The lovely Molly Dumpling sat,
Much did she fear, and much admire,
What Thomas, gard'ner, could be at.

Listening, her hand supports her chin,
But, ah! no foot is heard to stir:
He comes not, from the garden, in;
Nor he, nor little Bobtail cur.

They cannot come, sweet maid, to thee!
Flesh, both of cur and man, is grass!
And what's impossible, can't be;
And never, never come to pass!

She paces through the hall antique,
To call her Thomas from his toil;
Opes the huge door; the hinges creak,—
Because the hinges wanted oil.

Thrice, on the threshold of the hall,
She "Thomas" cried, with many a sob;
And thrice on Bobtail did she call,
Exclaiming sweetly—"Bob! Bob! Bob!"

Vain maid! a gard'ner's corpse, 'tis said,
In answers can but ill succeed;
And, dogs that hear when they are dead
Are very cunning dogs, indeed!

Back thro' the hall she bent her way,
All, all was solitude around!
The candle shed a feeble ray—
Tho' a large mould of four to th' pound.

Full closely to the fire she drew;
Adown her cheek a salt tear stole,
When, lo! a coffin out there flew,
And in her apron burnt a hole!

Spiders their busy death-watch tick'd;
A certain sign that fate will frown;
The clumsy kitchen clock, too click'd;
A certain sign it was not down.

More strong and strong her terrors rose;—
Her shadow did the maid appal;—
She trembled at her lovely nose—
It look'd so long against the wall.

Up to her chamber, damp and cold,
She climb'd lord Hoppergollop's stair;—
Three stories high, long, dull and old—
As great lords' stories often are.

All nature now appear'd to pause;
And "o'er the one half world seem'd dead;"
No "curtain'd sleep" had she;—because
She had no curtains to her bed.

Listening she lay;—with iron din,
The clock struck twelve, the door flew wide;
When Thomas grimly glided in,
With little Bobtail by his side.

Tall, like the poplar, was his size,
Green, green, his waistcoat was, as leeks,
Red, red as beet-root were his eyes;
And pale as turnips were his cheeks!

Soon as the spectre she espied,
The fear-struck damsel faintly said,
"What would my Thomas?"—he replied,
"O! Molly Dumpling! I am dead."

"All in the flow'r of youth I fell,
Cut off with health's full blossom crown'd,
I was not ill—but in the well,
I tumbled backward and was drown'd.

"Four fathom deep thy love doth lie;
His faithful dog his fate doth share;
We're fiends;—this is not he and I;
We are not here—for we are there.

"Yes;—two foul water fiends are we;
Maid of the moor! attend us now!
Thy hour's at hand;—we come for thee!
The little fiend-cur said, bow wow!

"To wind her in, in her cold grave,
A Holland sheet a maiden likes;
A sheet of water thou shalt have;
Such sheets there are in Holland dykes."

The fiends approach; the maid did shrink;
Swift thro' the night's foul air they spin;
They took her to the green well's brink,
And with a souse they plump'd her in.

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA

IN THE LAST NUMBER.

To R. W.

I read your Enigma, and to me it did prove,
That no more was meant by it than affectionate LOVE. A.

NOTE—Love *is certainly the answer; but it is love in general terms;* capricious *and* tyrannical, *as well as* affectionate.

*** *Subscriptions for this Paper received at the Office, No. 51, South Third-street, price 6¼ cents each number, payable every four weeks; or three dollars a year to those who pay in advance——Subscribers at a distance either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the City, to become answerable for the money as it becomes due.*